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THE BISHOP AND THE RAILWAY MEN.

IT is probably to make Manchester working men some amends for the wearisomeness which, as a rule, characterises Manchester parsons, that the Bishop has taken to going to the larger of the large workshops about here, where he can meet with the men and give them a straight tip about the whole duty of a man as a member of the Christian religion and of society as it is. Whether this novel combination of faith and works, these plain hints about what to do, believe, and avoid will be serviceable, we can't even guess. They are evidently very good for the time; and if the ideas are not exactly new, yet our hard-working Bishop has got such a new way of putting them, that we should be sorry to think them worth little more than a flash in the pan.

We had seen by the newspaper reports last week that the Bishop was attending a sort of imitation Parliament at York, and we had therefore considered him safe for one while. Great was our surprise then, when we were told on Friday morning that the irrepressible ecclesiastic was going at noon to Gorton Tank. What's he going to do there? thought we—bathe? Fish, perhaps, we suggested, not unmindful of a long day we once spent at the water's edge there with a rod and line, having a worm at one end and—. But as it was impossible to consider him in that light we sought further, and learnt that he was going, by invitation of somebody or other, to give an address to the workmen employed in the Sheffield Railway Company's works there, at one o'clock that day. Shortly before that hour, then, we alighted at Gorton Station, and thence by devious paths arrived at what looked like a large glass-roofed railway station, which had been dis-used for a length of time, and had just begun to show signs of vitality. Old railway carriages, vans, and trucks, some of which might have been put into dis-repair by frequent trips to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and others whose latest traditions were of the Art Treasures' Exhibition of 1857, had been gathered into a crowd, and only here and there was a vehicle—as we suppose we may call it—which was undergoing such an extensive renovation or "transition," as Crispin would say, that it was impossible to remove it, and it was perforce left there in a sort of elegant dishabille. This place, it seemed, was not a station, but the Company's carriage repairing-shed, a sort of hospital for "coaches," where the carpenter and blacksmith endeavoured to "gar auld things look 'maist as well as new." These shunting arrangements left a large square level place under cover, at one side of which was a platform or dais, newly-built and covered with cocoa-nut matting and the usual arrangements of table, chairs, and reporters' desk, for a public meeting.

We had scarcely taken our place and begun a survey, when a train of passenger carriages glided up and stopped within a few yards of us, and out of the windows appeared the Bishop's head, staring as if wondering where on earth he had got to now. He got out, however, as did the rest of the travellers, including his "eye" the Archdeacon, though why he should being his secretary and man-at-law was not clear, and with a crowd of more or less distinguished persons and a few ladies—*sacré nom d'une pipe*, wasn't she a pretty girl!—and they all took their places on the platform. The workmen, who had hitherto formed a sort of fringe to the platform, came hurrying up from all directions, with the native hue of resolution in the shape of steamy, oily, sweaty, glaze over their faces, throats, and hands, and made a tolerable crowd which we heard estimated at any number from 500 to 1,000.

Of course there was a chairman, who must have his little preliminary say. The company's chairman, Sir Edward Watkin, the young man upon whom Disraeli is supposed to have his eye, was absent. It would never do to let these workmen suppose that there could be anybody higher than Sir Edward, and behold, a greater than Watkin was here. So Mr. Wm. Fenton took the chair, that is to say, sat at the bed-room table in the middle, dressed in what we suppose is the ordinary costume of a railway director, with a coloured woollen shirt, and a white collar, and a black satin necktie, which is possibly the latest "kick" in Rochdale. He briefly informed the company that though he was a Dissenter, he wasn't proud, and did'nt say why he should'nt be chairman while the Bishop was there, chiefly because, as a railway company, they knew no distinctions of creeds, which fully accounted for their inviting the Bishop and receiving him in semi-state. Whatever powers of self-control the venerable Archdeacon may possess, in this instance he lost command of his facial muscles, for they expressed unmitigated disgust at such an opening. "How now, Master Fenton," was this a pretty speech, think you?

The Bishop, without noticing it, however, began at once by saying that he had come to give "my friends" a Christian address, and as a suitable preface he would say a prayer which he would select from the Litany if they would stand while he read the words. The audience below, as distinguished from the spectators on the platform, continued to stand—indeed there was no accommodation for any other attitude except sitting on the ground—as the Bishop read the first three petitions in the Litany and, avoiding the dogmatic statement in the fourth, read about half a dozen more, and then went on to say that as many present had probably read what he had said on two similar occasions, at Miles Platting and at the Atlas Works, he would avoid travelling again over the same ground, and during the twenty minutes that he had to speak in, he would confine himself to this point: look religion steadily in the face, and say what it ought to be to them individually as those who would have to give an account to the Great Judge. Working men had an idea that religion was all very well for women, but that it was a waste of time for men with other things to think of. He would say, on the contrary, that if any man set himself to work honestly as a Christian, in the same way that a mechanic or a platelayer came to his work, it would task all his powers of mind and will. It was not an easy thing to be done—not a thing to be done for him—done by priests, or women and children Those of them who were familiar in any degree with their Bibles would recollect whence the Apostle Paul drew his imagery showing what the life of a Christian should be. In one place he compared it to a race, in another to a boxing-match, in another to a warfare, where hard things had to be endured, and for which the Christian must put on all the armour of the Gospel. Paul contemplated the Christian man as one that not only needed all the power of his intellect, but all his own self-control, to enable him to do his duty, and, as he expressed it, to "stand" in the evil day. Nelson telegraphed the famous signal—"England expects that every man this day will do his duty." So did the gospel. This day, and every day, it expected every man to do his duty. In times of excitement it seemed easy for a man to do his duty; in battle, for instance, and in the face of the enemy, it would be harder for the soldier to run away than to stay and do his duty. But life was not all excitement, and it was in the quiet times of life, and in obscure corners, that duty had oftener to be done, and it was then that the Christian man would find it would take him all his time to do it. It would be easy no doubt to do that which the heathen poet had described as being so glorious—to die for one's country—but it was the Christian's duty, and many of them found it sometimes a hard duty, to do daily those things which Providence put before them. Now, religion was—living as in the sight of God, under a daily sense of responsibility to Him, and this would put to the proof the best metal of all of them.

Life was a wonderful thing. We enjoyed it for say sixty or seventy years. What was it all for? Let them look out on the world. Did they see it full of misery and wretchedness? There were many happy homes, with pure men and good women; but there were men-devils and women-devils. Look at the poor creatures in the streets at night-fall. Look at the mischief wrought by such, or by a husband coming home in drink. Would they try to make life brighter or sadder? He spoke to them as intelligent and experienced men, and whatsoever things were true, honest, lovely, and of good report, think, as the Apostle said, of those things, and he, the bishop, said try and do them, and you will have set yourselves all you can do as men.

That was the text, middle, and refrain of this wonderful utterance.

Take up the Christian life, fully and honestly, and you will find that it is no trifle, but will occupy you, body, soul, and spirit. One seemed, when it ceased, to descend to earth again, to feel bare, as it were, as if one had left the closed-up, warm railway carriage and the various rugs and wraps, to pace the chilly, draughty flags of the railway-station, and no refreshment-room open. But worse remained behind. A city missionary came about with some hymn-books belonging to Dissent of some hue, and a couple of verses were drawled out to something supposed to be a tune, and then the Bishop gave the Apostolic Benediction.

The bishop appeared tired, and showed lines in his face, as from overwork, and looked generally as if he was only half-satisfied with his surroundings. He got off somehow into the state carriage again, and with the broad genial face of the universal Hon. Sec. beaming upon us, we entered the adjoining "coach" which did duty very well for a smoking-carriage as far as Bank Top, where the bishop was again taken into custody and marched off between his Secretary and the Archdeacon, and, as Pilgrim said of the lions, "they went on their way and I saw them no more!"

THE MANCHESTER ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

ON Saturday it was arranged, and on Monday morning announced in the newspapers, that the exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Art would remain open another week. This gives us another opportunity of referring to the collection, with a view to supplying an omission or two in our last week's notice—omissions which (the exhibition only opening on Tuesday) were due to the limited time and space at our disposal. Otherwise, we should not have failed to make mention of the works of Messrs. Rothwell, Heys, and Pollitt. Mr. Selim Rothwell's drawings of antique buildings and street scenes are well known, but those he exhibits this year are unquestionably superior to what we have seen from him heretofore, as regards solidity, force, and power of colour. Mr. W. H. W. Heys has contributed a large number of sketches, taken during last year on the continent, all of which seem to be faithful representations of the scenes chosen; but we should have been glad if, instead of any six sketches, he had given us one work more fully developed, both as to execution and composition. Sketches are all very well and pleasant to make, but there is something more to be desired before we can give a fair opinion of Mr. Heys's powers. Mr. Robert Pollitt, who has very lately joined the academy, must be praised for his two drawings from the Lake Country. They are very earnest in intention, and sober in colour, and their success will, it is to be hoped, induce him to contribute on a larger scale next year. There is no weakness in his work that can prevent him from attempting something more ambitious, while the large design of *Science* for stone-carving, in black and white, in the third room, shows that courage is not wanting in his case. This design is admirable, both for execution and intention. We hope that next year the exhibition will show more specimens of decorative art in all shapes. The Manchester Academy should be most catholic, and every form of art, be it wall painting, or designs for wall painting, or decoration, or architecture, should be represented, as well as pictures of figures and landscapes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—As Hon. Secretary to the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, I think it not only an act of fairness, but my positive duty, to remove a very false impression conveyed in an article which appeared in last week's *Sphinx* under the heading of "Manchester Artists' Exhibition." In regretting the short time the exhibition was advertized to remain open, you say, "We presume the inevitable Council of the Royal Institution—the King Log of Art in Manchester—is to blame; for whereas its annual exhibition drags its weary length through some three or four months, five days are all that are conceded to the vastly more interesting collection in a local sense, of the Academy." Now, so far as the present exhibition is concerned the Royal Institution is not to blame in the least. When application was made for the use of the galleries, it was not only most courteously received, but full power was given to the Council of the Academy to carry out their own arrangements. It was, therefore, this Council, and this alone, which for several reasons which it is not necessary to detail determined the time the exhibition should remain open. Moreover, to show the willingness of the Royal Institution to meet the wishes of the Academy, when at the request of several of the exhibitors, application was made to continue the exhibition a week longer, it was at once acceded to.—I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

H. H. HADFIELD.

Ash Villa, Strawberry Hill, Pendleton,
13th March, 1871.

SALFORD ROUGHS.

WE feel constrained again to return to the subject of the "rowdyism" which continues to prevail in several of the streets of Salford. In the annual reports of the inspectors of constabulary which have lately been issued, reference is made to the police force of Salford in the following terms:—"The conditions of service in the Salford police appear to need reconsideration with a view to obtain greater stability, forty-eight men having served less than a year. Fifty men had been an equally short period in the service at the preceding year's inspection." We fear that there are some grounds for these strictures, for the Salford police in maintaining law and order do not appear to us to be quite up to the mark, and judging from our own experience, we think that the roughest and most populous districts do not receive sufficient attention from the constables. A London newspaper remarked the other day that "the world cannot be made moral by law, but it can be made decent." The police cannot usurp the functions of the School Board and civilize the Salford roughs, but they can keep a check upon street fights, cursing and blaspheming, and the disturbance of the general peace. Recruits have not the requisite local knowledge and experience in the exercise of their duties, and are very apt to be in the wrong place and at the wrong time. Only a few days since a respectable woman asked a policeman in Broughton Road, in our hearing, the way into Strangeways, and his reply was, that he was a stranger to the place and could not tell her. In his geographical knowledge of the borough he was as ignorant as the French have been of their own country, and would be apt to be equally inefficient in campaigning.

Some time since, Ancoats acquired an unenviable notoriety for its rowdyism, which culminated in a set of young ruffians kicking an inoffensive man to death. Since that time, such atrocious offences have been less frequent, probably owing to increased vigilance on the part of the police, but we can testify to the accuracy of the distressing description which the Bishop of Manchester gave of the scenes which he witnessed in Oldham Road a few Sunday evenings since. Even the north side of Market Street on a Sunday evening affords an illustration of certain other matters to which the Bishop alluded. The frequent fights and rows which occur in Greengate and Chapel Street, the main arteries of Salford, are discreditable to the borough, and we feel convinced that they might be put an end to by making a few stringent examples. People using vile and obscene language in the public streets ought to be taken up and punished. Why should decent and respectable men and women, and still more, young lads and girls, be doomed to hear the odious language which is heard on the public thoroughfares every day of the week, and particularly on the Sunday? It is not a month since, happening to pass along Greengate as the bells were ringing for evening service, we saw two men rush out of a spirit-vault, and, uttering the most fearful imprecations, commence a fight which lasted some time. After fighting several rounds and battering each other's heads on the flags, a woman began screaming for the police. She might as well have shouted for the Tycoon of Japan, and she only got soundly abused by a bystander for her interference. The men did not appear to be drunk, and the one whose head had been on the most intimate terms with the pavement being half stupified, the other was smuggled away by a man in shirt-sleeves, whom we took to be the landlord of the public-house where the row began. Within the last fortnight we have seen four different fights between lads in the same locality as we happened to be casually passing. One young scamp rushed up to another lad who was standing on the steps of the Free Library, and bunged his eye up before the other had even time to defend

BRITISH MUSEUM

himself. Two schoolboys deliberately stripped their jackets, and handing them to two judicious bottle-holders, in the shape of full-grown men, proceeded to maul and beat each other as they best could. Again within the last fortnight another fight took place on the same spot between two boys. As usual, a woman interfered, and was met by abusive language from a bystander. The fight was suppressed by Mr. Oliver Heywood, who happened to be passing, and we hope he did not hear the remarks which his interference elicited from an onlooker.

Now, we are not special constables, and peaceable ratepayers ought not to be called upon to interfere in street fights. Schoolboys will very likely take that method of settling their differences for a considerable time yet, but the streets are not the place for such pugilistic encounters. A few evenings since we were passing along Greengate, about nine o'clock, when we met two men, dressed like mechanics out of work. They both stopped, and one of them, exclaiming "I say governor," seized us roughly by the arm. Not exactly relishing this, we shook him off, and a volley of abuse was sent after us. A woman who had witnessed the incident told us that they were "regular bad ones," and that she was always afraid when her husband was out at night that he would be set upon and ill-used.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE SALMON.

TILL comparatively within the last few years the salmon was more appreciated than understood. Indeed the present century had numbered half its years before the scientific world had gained anything like an accurate knowledge of his strange, eventful history. Passing over, for the present, the marvels of his birth, and the mysteries of his infancy, we deem it better to commence our narrative with what may be termed his boyhood.

During the month of April anyone familiar with such of our rivers as are moderately free from obstructions and pollutions must have noticed numbers of small silvery fish, with *dark* fins, moving restlessly amongst the shallows, and rising keenly at such aquatic flies as float near them. If he examine one of these graceful creatures for a moment, he will see that above the lateral mesian line it is somewhat irregularly studded with black spots, and presents, in no ordinary degree, the elements of strength and activity. This fish is a smolt, preparing for his migration to the sea. As soon as a freshet occurs in the river the young voyagers move steadily down with the current till they reach the estuary, where, there is reason to believe, they remain for a day or two before embarking on the world of waters. Hitherto we have been able to trace their movements with certainty; what becomes of them subsequently it is less easy to affirm. Not long since it was supposed their course lay northwards, many writers believing they penetrated as far as the Polar Seas, whilst others affirm their wanderings did not extend far beyond the outfall of their native streams. The truth probably lies between these extreme opinions; and we are inclined to believe that they roam freely in the blue water many a league from their homes, distance and direction being governed by the quality and quantity of the food they find. Be this as it may, in the July and August following their first migration, the majority, greatly increased in size, again return to their native river, at which time they are known by the name of grilse, their average weight ranging from 4lbs. to 7lbs. With the autumn floods, they push their way boldly against the current, and seek the upper and purer streams for the purpose of spawning. The ova is usually deposited in the month of November, after which they become thin and emaciated, losing all their beauty and excellence, and with the first spring floods commence a second migration to the sea, where they speedily recover health and strength, and again meditate a third journey to the streams in which they were bred. At this time the grilse has become salmon. The great bulk of the smolts return as grilse four or five months after their first descent to the sea; it is certain, however, that some remain during the winter and early spring in the salt water, and do not seek their native river till the following year. Salmon even at the same age show a well-marked difference in size, and, as a general rule, it may be stated that the largest rivers produce the heaviest fish. In proof of this, we need only cite the Tay, and the Spey in Scotland; the Erne, the Shannon, and the Bann in Ireland; and the Severn in England.

At the present season the price is always high, because few waters in the United Kingdom produce the valuable commodity called spring salmon; and here we come to the first anomaly in this most anomalous of fishes. No satisfactory reason can be given why certain rivers at this time alone produce this fish. It is certain that temperature is not the cause, as they are found alike in the most northerly and southerly of our rivers. In the Thurso and the Severn they commence ascending in the latter part of December and the earlier weeks of January, and increase in numbers as the season advances, till towards the middle of May the run of what are termed spring fish ceases. In Ireland the same arbitrary rule prevails, for the Bush, the most northerly river in the island, and the Blackwater, the most southerly, are the two earliest rivers in that kingdom. Neither can it be asserted, with a shadow of truth, that the quality of the water has any connection with the date of the fish it produces, for the Bush is pre-eminently a dark, peaty river, whilst the Blackwater, notwithstanding its name, is pure, bright, and sweet. Many streams, with large lakes at their head, produce the beautiful fish we now see in our markets; whilst, on the other hand, scores of rivers, with lacustrine heads, might be cited that never send a clean fish to market till the summer is far advanced. On this subject much interesting matter might be written. This, however, is not the place for discussion; we are writing a history, and must avoid hypothesis. Before leaving this subject, however, we desire to record our belief that all streams of average purity and freedom from impassable weirs, might be made spring rivers by the simple method of hatching therein the ova of early salmon, which we believe may be a sub-variety of the genus.

Let us now follow a pair of salmon to their spawning ground. Here, when the water is clear and low, we find the female excavating her nest with wonderful energy and perseverance, ploughing up the gravel with her head in a series of desperate rushes, and when exhausted by these efforts, retiring for rest to the deeper parts of the pool, from whence she emerges to recommence her labour. When the trench has been dug sufficiently deep she deposits her eggs, in about the ratio of 1,000 to each pound of her weight. These are vivified by the male as they drop from her ovaduct, and when the process is completed, the mass is covered with gravel, and the exhausted fish soon after drop gradually down to the sea. A 10lb. salmon usually deposits about 10,000 eggs, and experience seems to show that of these every 4,000, when left to nature, barely produce three adult fish for the market. Let us now endeavour to point out the cause of this prodigious waste. From the moment the female fish commences the excavation of the trenches in which she designs to deposit her ova, she becomes an object of intense interest to a horde of aquatic banditti, which watch her movements with remarkable interest. This band of robbers is recruited from the eels, trout, loach, and such like, that chance to be living in the neighbourhood. When the salmon is actually depositing her eggs in the nest, these robbers approach, and speedily devour every pea that is washed down by the current. Occasionally the exasperated mother makes furious charges on her enemies, who seek safety on the shallows, where she is unable to follow. This state of things continues until the furrows that contain the seed are filled in. Nearly five-and-twenty per cent of the deposit, however, is supposed to be wasted in the way we have attempted to describe. But now a new cause of loss begins. The larvæ of various water insects make it the main business of their lives to prowl round the sacred heap, into which they burrow during the winter, destroying an incredible number of the eggs. Such as escape are hatched about March, and then a third source of peril begins. It is hardly possible to imagine any creature more weak and feeble than the newly-hatched salmon. So small are they that a moderate sized eel might devour some hundreds of them without the slightest chance of suffering from indigestion. Nor is the danger yet over; for during the following five or six months the parr are the first favourites of all predatory fish. These are some, and only some, of the sources of waste that might be mentioned, for gulls, cormorants, laithe, and mackerel, are all ready to welcome the smolts as soon as they make their appearance in the sea. And here, though somewhat out of place, we cannot refrain from hinting at the advantages of artificial hatching, which affords almost absolute protection to the young fry during the first eighteen or nineteen months of their lives.

But we must hurry on to a brief consideration of another singular anomaly, now well-known to be exhibited by the parr. In the April of

the second year of their existence, about a moiety of any particular brood become transformed into smolts—perfect miniature salmon—and set out on their first journey, the other moiety continuing in the parr stage for a full year longer. The causes of this difference, so far as we know, have never been explained. Variation in food, temperature, or quality of the water, cannot be accepted as the elucidation of a mystery which prevails alike in rivers where the fry are hatched naturally, as well as in the different nurseries where the artificial system is pursued. The fact was first noticed in the Stormontfield ponds, and is now recognised as an invariable law.

During the spawning season the colour of the adult males becomes brighter and more variegated than that of the females. Food, however, has less influence on the colouration of the outer parts than on the flesh, the pink hue of which certainly depends on the quality and quantity of the diet. Dr. Günther regards it as produced by the different salt and fresh water crustacea, which he believes form so favourite a food with the salmon. We, however, are inclined to believe that the exhaustion which follows the process of spawning, as well as the semi-starvation fish so large as the salmon must experience in our fresh waters, is quite sufficient to account for the marked deterioration that occurs in the tissues of these animals.

The energy and perseverance displayed by the adult fish in ascending to the spawning beds is well worthy of notice. We have known them lie for weeks at the foot of a barrier almost impassable, and have seen them labour day after day to overcome an obstacle nearly unsurmountable, till they have grown so weak that when attempting to leap they were barely able to lift their heads above the water. When fresh from the sea, however, and unwearied by prolonged efforts, a salmon is able with tolerable certainty to spring over any impediment to its progress that does not exceed six feet in the perpendicular.

The family of the *Salmonidæ* are inhabitants of the fresh waters of the temperate and Arctic regions of the northern hemisphere, being, until the transport of ova to Australia and New Zealand, unknown in the southern parts of the globe. As colonists, the *Salmo Trutta* and *Salmo Fario*, particularly the latter, have thriven wonderfully. The acclimatization of the *Salmo Salar*, however, does not appear to have succeeded equally well, for, notwithstanding the accounts we have received, nothing worthy the name of a true salmon has yet been captured in the antipodes.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

SALE OF PICTURES.

THE collection of oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, engravings, and other works of art, formed by Mr. F. P. Rickards, was dispersed by auction on Monday and Tuesday by Mr. Williamson Dunn, and realized fair and, in many cases, good prices. There were three drawings by De Wint: *Lincoln Cathedral* sold for eighteen guineas; a landscape with cattle, twenty-six guineas; and a landscape with river and cattle, thirty guineas. Two by David Cox: a landscape with bridge, an early drawing, twenty-eight guineas; and a heath scene with gipsy camp, at sunset, fifty-six guineas. *Sunset*, by W. P. Burton, £3. 10s.; a classical landscape, by G. Barrett, £63; *Farm Yard*, by Basil Bradley, sold originally by the artist for £8, brought £13; two drawings, *In the Highlands*, twenty-three and twenty-five guineas respectively; *Horseman and Hounds coming Home*, by Sam Bough, forty-one guineas (the artist had originally offered it to a gentleman who was present in the auction room for six guineas); the *Castle of Ischia*, by J. B. Pyne, sixty-six guineas, the highest price fetched by any water-colour drawing in the collection. Among the oil-paintings, Mr. James Archer's *Mort d' Arthur* sold for £115; J. B. Pyne's *Isola Bella and Lago Maggoire* for ninety-six guineas; *Rizpah*, by R. Spencer Stanhope, for sixty-one guineas; the *Temple of Hermenthis*, by Bechère, £106; and a fine landscape by Laminet, one hundred and thirty-one guineas.

THE "EXAMINER" AND MR. CHARLEY.

No one, we suppose, ever dreamt of including magnanimity towards a political opponent, to say nothing of fairness or justice, among the attributes of the *Examiner and Times*. But few probably knew to what extremes it could carry its partizanship until they read its leading article on Mr. Charley on Friday last. As we occupy an absolutely neutral position in politics, we are the more fitted to give expression to a feeling which prevails almost universally, that the *Examiner* on that occasion overstepped the boundary line of legitimate criticism. We have always understood that while fair comment upon public questions or passing events is justifiable, you must observe certain stringent but wholesome regulations as to travelling out of the record, and must not go out of the way to endeavour, or, what is much the same thing, appear to endeavour, to injure a man in his business or in the practice of his profession, by dwelling unduly upon things which, even if true, are totally irrelevant. The *Examiner* on Friday last went out of its way to inform the public that the brief which was the cause of all Mr. Charley's woes was only the second he had held at a Manchester Assizes—"the first we might almost say, only the prisoner in the first case pleaded guilty, thereby depriving Mr. Charley of any opportunity for the display of his professional characteristics;" and as to Mr. Charley's briefs, added the magnanimous *Examiner*, "happily there are not many of them," and so on. The truly British courage shown in hitting a man when he is down meets with a corresponding sentiment of admiration in every breast. Mr. Charley committed an indiscretion, of which the Judge certainly made the very most, and straightway the *Examiner*, seeing a political opponent in the toils, hastens to turn the knife in the wound, and to pour into it, not wine and oil, but pepper and vinegar, and such "salt" as was for the time in the editor's cruet-stand. The voice might be the voice of the Editor, but the hand was evidently the hand of the political Esau. It is curious to notice that when people do differ in opinion about anything, they carry their differences into every subject under heaven. Mr. Charley has taken up the subject of baby-farming, and, in the pre-occupation of an over-worked Home Secretary, of whom the last *Saturday Review* has an admirable memoir, has taken the initiative in procuring some legislation on the subject. The *Examiner*, on the contrary, appears to think so little evil of the matter that it opens its advertisement columns to those desirous of making their little arrangements *à la* Waters. The frightful circumstances which recently came to light in London were considered at the time to have been fostered by some of the London daily papers; for, without the facilities they offered, such crimes would have been all but impossible, and we said something at the time and previously about newspaper cleansing in Manchester. Our Cassandra-like warning, true, but disregarded, has been verified. The unfortunate young person who appeared as a witness against Mrs. Rogers, the "alleged" baby-farmer, stated in evidence before the magistrate (we quote from the *Manchester Guardian*) that "she answered an advertisement in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, and was replied to by the female prisoner. She (the prisoner) called at the house in Rochdale Road and made enquiries about the adoption of a child." So that even on the subject of baby-farming, Mr. Charley and the *Examiner* would appear to be at issue. On this point the *Examiner* could perhaps plead excusable ignorance or inadvertence. It can do so now no longer.

"THE UNFORTUNATE 'BUS GUARDS."

The recent altercation between the magistrates and the Watch Committee is already bearing fruit in the way business is done at the Police Court. The magistrates have begun to perceive that they really must make some endeavour to get at the merits of the cases which are brought before them; that they must not punish innocence, and conversely that they must punish guilt. We believe we are correct in stating that no omnibus guard was ever convicted by the magistrates until last week, though several cases have been brought before them. The difference of result may be attributable to some difference in the evidence that has been laid before the bench, but we are inclined to ascribe some of it to the very wholesome exposure to which the proceedings of the Bridge Street bench have recently been subjected. However that may be, the prosecution and conviction of four guards of Mr. Standring's, last week, shows that the system of pilfering carried on by the fraternity is, notwithstanding all that has been done, still flourishing. It seems very hard to grumble at Mr. Standring's poor horses and vehicles when his profits are being eaten up by scoundrels such as these. The system of inspectorship was systemati-

cally baffled by these men, and their attorney's talk about the evasion of it being now exploded is all nonsense. It is as practicable and as likely to be successful now as ever it was, and the only way to keep it at all in check is to put the law in operation pretty frequently. This is the only means of convincing the public that these robberies are not committed upon odd occasions, and by here and there one—a false notion, which ensures the liberty of many a felon. It is worthy of remark that these four men were not convicted by a jury. That the culprits and their brotherhood rely upon public sympathy is proved by the impudent appeal which has been made in the advertisement columns of the newspapers on behalf of the wives and families of these "unfortunate" men. Unfortunate they are indeed in being the ones who have been found out in the act. In what other respect they are martyrs we fail to perceive. We should have thought that it was poor Mr. Standring who was unfortunate in having such a nest of thieves about him, and not those who have done all they can to prevent his making a living, and in consequence of whose depredations he is unable to provide the public with proper accommodation. The report of the trial observed that the prisoners appeared astonished at the sentence: let us hope that their friends will be astonished at the response of the public to their appeal.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Mr. De Jong commenced a series of promenade concerts at the Free Trade Hall on Saturday evening last. The hall was filled by an audience of a mixed character, in which was represented almost every grade of Manchester society, down to the respectable mechanic in fustian. A gathering so numerous on his first evening must have been very satisfactory to Mr. De Jong. On the other hand, some points in the entertainment, we venture to say, were not entirely satisfactory to the audience. In the first place, the band is not sufficiently powerful for the room when filled by an audience a great part of which is moving about. There must be either a greater volume of sound from the orchestra, or a less from the floor. Standing in the middle of the room it was not possible to hear a *piano* passage. As a consequence, Haydn's beautiful *Clock movement* was entirely lost to a great majority of the audience. The band was, with the exception of one or two instruments, well chosen and efficient; but their playing was decidedly not equal to what might fairly be expected of them. There was an uncertainty, a kind of hanging fire, which was noticeable and disagreeable all evening. The precision which produces from forty instruments one sound was not there, and nearly all the music played was consequently marred in effect. With every respect to Mr. De Jong, we are bound to say that this fault lies entirely with him. The band was badly conducted; and it was very evident that it was a hopeless task for some of the players to keep time with the vagaries of Mr. De Jong's baton. Those players who could not look over their books at the conductor had to turn their heads from book to baton every second or third bar given in a waltz. Straus's *On the beautiful blue Danube* waltz suffered very much from this cause. The time was changed nearly every two or three bars; the changes were violent, and once or twice occurred even in the middle of a phrase. If this was done purposely, it was very bad taste; if unconsciously, it is simply right that attention be called to it. Having put grumbles first, it is pleasant now to say that in other respects the concert was not only successful, but was a treat. The audience was in capital humour, and gave Mr. De Jong a reception which must have pleased him. Madame Florence Lancia sang one English, one Irish, one Scotch, and two Italian songs, for all of which she was vociferously applauded, *Coming through the Rye* winning an encore. The feature of the evening was Mr. De Jong's flute solo, played with a purity and precision only attainable by a master hand. One promising and pleasing fact was observable—the evident desire of Mr. De Jong to refuse encores, and the hearty manner in which a numerous portion of the audience sensibly tried to assist him in the refusal. It is to be hoped this will be adopted by him, and rigidly adhered to. Promenade concerts seem to be very dry work for the audience. An immense number of the peripatetics rushed out for their "interval" beer, causing a block on the stairs, and nearly an accident. A few more check-givers will become a necessity in future. A very attractive programme is announced for the second concert, and we hope the house may be filled again. We congratulate Mr. De Jong on his very successful venture, and thank him for inaugurating good and cheap entertainments for Saturday evenings.

MR. CHARLEY.

TO the category of persons who have awoke one morning and found themselves famous must be added the name of Mr. William Thomas Charley, M.P. It must have been a proud day for one so painfully afflicted with the itch of authorship as Mr. Charley, when he was able to reflect that not a single copy of a single newspaper published in Manchester that morning would go forth to its readers without the impress of a specimen of his abilities signed with his name in full. The liberal *Examiner*, the conservative *Courier*, and the bottle-holding *Guardian* vied with each other in paying him honour—save that the bottle-holding *Guardian* judiciously cut out the passage which no doubt the author deemed the glory and the pride of his effusion. Such a sinking of political feeling in a common admiration of Mr. Charley's literary genius was positively touching in its magnanimity. Alas, how brief is happiness! That very morning, on the sitting of the court his letter commented upon, an indignant juror brought it under the notice of one of Her Majesty's judges. Our readers know the sequel.

We have from time to time had reason to be very hard on Mr. Charley. We have sometimes been at a loss to express the unutterable folly of his proceedings. Their foolishness was really bewildering. We see it all now. We have got the key to Mr. Charley's character. He has no humour in his composition. His absurdities must spring from a deficient sense of the ludicrous. No other explanation of his conduct can be given. Professor Tyndall has expounded the use of imagination in science. He has shown that imagination is necessary in a philosopher, and similarly humour is an integral part of a sensible man. In Mr. Charley we see the woeful results of its absence. Mr. Charley is an honest, earnest young man, of indomitable energy and industry, utterly incapable of comprehending a ludicrous situation. This accounts for everything. All mystery is now cleared up. His proclamation of himself as heaven's instrument of vengeance upon Mr. Gladstone is now intelligible. He honestly believed that vengeance ought to dog the steps of Mr. Gladstone wheresoever he might go. He felt it to be his duty to devote his own life to the purpose, so he thought it was his mission. Being too conscientious to shirk it, and too candid to conceal it, he proclaimed it on the housetops. A sense of humour would have told him that he, as an instrument of vengeance, was ridiculous. Examined by this test, his famous letter to the papers admits of explanation, and it is the very best means imaginable of illustrating our hypothesis.

So many blunders of bad taste and folly were never before compressed within so small a space. If a pen had been placed in Mr. Charley's hand with the express object of seeing to what absurd uses he should put it, he could not better have answered the purpose. It is a perfect sample of the Carolian style. Mr. Justice Willes's judicial refusal to believe that it was Mr. Charley's writing till it was admitted was the hollowest form Only one pen in the country could have written it. There is only one counsel at the bar of England who, in a public print, beneath the very eyes of a hundred of his brethren, would have had the moral courage to extol the admirable business mangement of a firm of attorneys who had given him a brief. We are not of those who condemn this egregious error of taste as a high misdemeanour. It is too ludicrous to be mischievous. No counsel with whom business was the grand desideratum would have adopted so absurd a method of endeavouring to obtain it. As we have observed, Mr. Charley is perfectly honest, and we are quite willing to believe that he really admires the abilities

of his attorneys in correctly copying some depositions on to some brief paper. But what on earth had the preparation of his brief to do with his witnesses not turning up when they were wanted? Anyone but Mr. Charley would have seen the feminine inconsequence of the remark. Most ludicrous of all, is there another politician in the world who would ever have dreamt of excluding an individual borough from imperial legislation on account of the abilities of one of its burgesses, who might die to-morrow? Mr. Charley credits the idea to Mr. Cawley, but it smacks too strong of the soil for any one to doubt whose brain originated it. What can explain such foolishness as this except an absence of humour? No man, however short of common sense, who had the least perception of the ludicrous, could possibly have made himself so silly.

We are not amongst those who reprehend Mr. Charley's censure of the jury as a crime—although of course the counsel in a case is the last person who should speak, save in an official manner. We have ourselves to point out the unsatisfactory discharge of their duty by juries too often not to make us sympathise with those who do the like. We know nothing of the case in question, and it is very possible that Mr. Charley's jury may have given a most preposterous verdict. We don't attach so much importance to Mr. Justice Willes's satisfaction with them as we should to any other opinion of that most learned of judges, because there is a subtle influence at work upon the bench which leads the judges generally to concentrate all their politeness on the jury as they concentrate all their impatience on the witnesses. Mr. Baron Bramwell's recent strictures on a Welsh jury, and the Lord Chancellor's recently expressed opinion of the jury that acquitted Mrs. Torpey are two of the exceptions that contrast against the rule, and to a certain extent are in confirmation of Mr. Charley's position. But it is too bad to taunt the jury with having let loose upon society a notorious criminal who had just served five years, when that valuable information had been carefully withheld from them by direction of the law, and when in all probability it would have just made all the difference between acquittal and conviction. And who but Mr. Charley would have confidentially procured the names of the jurors' townships from the clerk who had the information, and then publish them in all the newspapers?

Some thousand prisoners are tried in the assize courts every year. If every barrister whose prisoner got acquitted moved heaven and hearth about it in this manner, what a dreadful state of chaos the administration of the law would get into! The insignificance, in such a number, of an ordinary case would have struck an ordinary man. Nothing but a deficient sense of absurdity can account for its not having struck Mr. Charley. But he doesn't see yet. Notwithstanding all that has passed, the very first thing he does when he gets to London is to indite two letters to the editors of the *Daily News* and *Daily Telegraph*. One would have thought that Mr. Charley had been cured of writing letters to the papers for the remainder of his life—at any rate, that he would have been anxious to hush up as much as possible the foolishness of which he had been guilty. Not at all. Mr. Charley has construed the peace-making final words of Mr. Justice Willes into a high eulogium, and the pitying consideration of the bar into the friendliest sympathy. What is to be done with a man so utterly devoid of humour as this? It is unjust to censure him, for he means well. It is no use to laugh at him, for laughter he does not understand. The only thing to be done is quietly and calmly to suppress him. We hope that the borough of Salford will take a thought and mend by recent exhibitions, and that they will elect in Mr. Charley's place a man who, be he radical, whig, tory, or conservative, at any rate has some appreciation of the ludicrous.

LONGSIGHT.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

IN the interest of our readers we had resolved personally to inspect the various houses of entertainment for man and beast alluded to in our former paper on the interesting village of Longsight. With this object in view we sauntered out one fine Saturday evening, and crossing the river Rush, on which mellifluous and meandering stream Longsight may, in the language of school geographies, be said to stand, indulged in a preliminary walk along Stockport Road for the purpose of—as it were—measuring the ground before committing ourselves to any definite course of action. The observations we made in the course of this perambulation were of such a nature as to induce us to abandon our project. We found the houses of call to be so numerous as to cause us to infer that, ere we could visit more than a small proportion of them, indulging from pure necessity in a moderate libation at each, the whole of our experiences would vanish from our minds and we should be left in a state of unconsciousness at once oblivious of both Longsight and literature. The idea of the representative of the *Sphinx* being discovered in a Longsight gutter, or being requested to give an account of himself to a Bench on Monday morning, was too appalling, and notwithstanding our always earnest desire to obtain accurate information, reluctantly concluding that discretion was the better part of valour, we decided to curtail our operations.

Indeed, the number of public-houses was so great as to force upon us the conviction that Longsight must exist in a state of almost continual inebriation. This idea was further strengthened, with regard to primitive or dialectical Longsight, by a series of curious railings, consisting of long bars of iron supported by wooden props, and leading to the house doors. We could imagine no other use for these than that of guiding and assisting homeward the steps of the wayward. Moreover, in cases where entrance to the dwellings was to be obtained only by the ascent of flights of steps, the sides of these latter were guarded by black wooden palings, again suggesting safety for the unsteady. But prosecuting our inquiries with the minute zeal of a member of the Social Science Association, we found that Longsight, taken as a whole, deserves a much higher character for sobriety than at first sight appears. In one street, we were told that the only public drunkards were two females, described as of "independent means." Of course we could not learn how many ladies and gentlemen indulged in the pleasure of *delirium tremens* privately. But publicly, Longsight really seems to suffer vicariously. Drovers and carters passing through it call at its various "halting" houses; gentlemen who find it convenient or desirable to enjoy social and mixed intercourse at a proper distance from their homes, visit it: and a few of the ruddy-faced old gentlemen who reside in it do enough in the way of hard drinking to spoil the reputation of a much more orderly and precise place than, according to the voice of scandal, is Longsight.

As previously intimated, the most renowned hostelry in the village is the Chariot and Mares. It is a small-looking, quaint, whitewashed public-house. It is the sort of place which induces one to say, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Passing through its open doorway one instinctively expects to find its bar-parlour occupied by a company of churchwardens smoking themselves. Seated there one feels as if dropped into the midst of Bacchus and his crew. Were Addison to revisit this "dusty spot," and to reside at Longsight, we are convinced that his grave face would often occupy a corner of the room; while Sir Richard Steele would certainly get drunk there every night. If regular patronage gives any title to the possession of such an establishment, there are several of its customers who might truthfully speak of it as "mine own inn." The club which assembles there is worthy of the great renown it has acquired. Visited at various times it may be said to be seen under various phases. It is surely representative of all the male clubs that ever have been, including the twopence-halfpenny club, the sighing club, the ugly club, the fringe glove club, the amorous club, the hebdomadal club, and the everlasting club. Any of these ancient institutions, if still extant, would find suitable members amongst those personages who frequent the bar-parlour of the Chariot and Mares. The gentlemen who confine themselves to potations of bitter beer would serve to swell the ranks of the first; the melancholy individuals who seek to elevate their spirits by spirits of another sort

would suit the second; the ugly club would take all the humourists, for it must be borne in mind that humour requires comicality of features as well as waggishness of tongue, and the Longsight club is well furnished with both qualifications; the fringe glove club would not find many members; the amorous club would run away with the young gentlemen who whisper feminine secrets to each other at a late hour of the evening; while either the hebdomadal or the everlasting club might carry off the bulk of the company.

From eight to ten o'clock in the evening is the most interesting period at which to visit the Chariot and Mares. Then the patriarchs are assembled. The gathering is apparently composed of commercial and manufacturing elements, with a dash of the agricultural. The conversation may be about anything. Sometimes it is political, then words grow high and the gods are visibly moved. Sometimes it assumes a sporting complexion, and strange and awful feats are spoken of: as the pitching of men long distances single handed; the kicking of beams seven feet above the floor on which the kicker stands; the walking of incredible distances, and the making of incredible scores. Sometimes it assumes a social character, and local magnates are freely handled; or it takes a jovial turn, and wonderful practical jokes are narrated or performed. The style of the conversation may be described as a puff and a short pithy sentence; then another puff and the same sentence repeated. At about ten o'clock or thereabouts, cabs and buses considerately call and convey some of the gentlemen to their distant homes. Shortly afterwards a few more members obey Mrs. Price's command to "look at the clock," and depart. Then the glory is gone and the scene changes to little more than an ordinary bar-parlour; unless perhaps at a later hour one of the departed ones return in a condition which suggests that they have other favourite hostelries besides the Chariot and Mares.

How Longsight earns its living we could not at first discover. We noticed two peculiar looking wooden boxes, on the sides of each of which was painted "Lime and Coal Office," seeming to say, in white and black, that Longsight traded in those minerals. But we could observe no collieries, and far from their being a suspicion of lime-stone, we had ample evidence that Longsight stands upon clay. Years ago the place of which we write was called Grindlow Marsh, from which we may infer that primevally it existed in that oozy condition which seems to have characterized Lancashire. As hinted in our former paper Longsight in this respect still exhibits a tendency to return to the ways of its youth. Pursuing our inquiries concerning the industries of Longsight we heard of a place called the "Tank," a name which made our thoughts at once revert to the various fish shops. The Tank however proved to be a place for the making of railway engines, in which manufacture a few of the villagers are engaged. Why it is called the Tank didn't appear. The bulk of the male population find occupation in the neighbouring city, thus leaving Longsight during the week-days in the hands of women and children and shopkeepers. Numerous 'buses ply between the village and the city for the purpose of conveying the lords of the creation townwards and homewards. 'Bus racing is one of the amusements of Longsight.

Longsight has its quarrels. All quarrels of any magnitude since Cain slew Abel have been either religious or philanthropic quarrels. All the world knows that the lately rival governments of France and Germany went to war for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. The most recent dispute in Longsight may be described as a philanthropic quarrel. It was a newspaper controversy between two gentlemen, the subject of which was the Literary and Mechanics' Institute. We are so accustomed to regard that establishment as a place of amusement that we may be excused if for a moment we supposed that the controversy in question was only an ingenious dodge for contributing to the merriment of the public. We felt thankful to the two gentlemen for their kindness. Later events have shown us that the argument really had, or was, intended to have a serious basis. The dispute began through a gentleman, named David Curr, writing and publishing a paragraph in which certain not very complimentary allusions were made to the Literary and Mechanics' Institute. This called forth the ire of another gentleman, named Joseph Howard, Hon. Sec., who, in a lengthy tirade, alluded to his adversary as an ex-director of snappish memory, thus clearly proving that Longsight has wit. Several letters, in which there was much fighting and a great deal of bye-play, followed. There was a little argument on the point at issue, and in this we think the public, if it has read the letters, will agree with us that Mr. Curr had the best of it; but what the inflated pomposity of one side and the old arm-chair of the other had to do with philanthropy, perhaps Longsight can alone explain. We can't.

The dispute was continued at the annual meeting of the members of the institution. The representative of Mr. Curr's views being a certain alderman whom young lady Sunday scholars go to meet and escort to school on Sunday mornings. The debate waxed hot, though the number of people present was small. To put the matter in a nut-shell, it seems that the attacking party charge the directorate with not being sufficiently philanthropical, to which the directorate replies that it is as philanthropical as it can be and as any of its neighbours are. The Longsight working-men, about whom all the bother is ostensibly made, apparently fails to appreciate the advantages offered to him within the walls of the institution. Either he does not read at all, or he adopts the sensible plan of smoking his pipe and reading at home in the company of his wife and et-ceteras. Under these distressing circumstances the directorate, bearing the institution on its back like an incubus, rushes into billiards and Saturday Evening Readings, and triumphantly proclaims that it can pay its debts. The censors insinuate that the money is ill-gotten; the directorate replies that it is gained in elevating the tastes of the before-mentioned working-men. For our part we suggest that it is possible the readings and comic songs may have an elevating effect on the respectable men and women and the incipient youths and maidens who attend them; and it certainly is kind of the young people on the platform to be ridiculous for so laudable an end.

The country beyond the Rush is intersected by numerous paths leading through the fields, which are much frequented when Longsight goes out walking. Following a series of these we made our way to a portion of the Roman Road previously alluded to. It is a broad lane, flanked by a ditch of peculiar odour and fringed with trees of a somewhat stunted appearance. We did not find any coins.

PRESBYTERIAN POPES.

The Rev. J. A. Gardiner and Mr. Fitzgerald.

A FEW weeks ago, in some remarks on Presbyterian bigotry, we referred to a discussion at the meeting of the Lancashire Presbytery, held at Liverpool, in which the seniors poured the vials of their wrath upon two clerical striplings—the Revs. A. Rentoul and J. A. Gardiner—for asking their fellow-ministers to exercise a little Christian charity towards the Roman Catholics. The affair entered upon a new phase at the meeting of the Presbytery in Manchester, last week; and we return to the subject because we think one gentleman—Mr. C. H. Fitzgerald, with whose opinions on the question at issue we do not, or rather did not, agree—received but scant consideration and justice at the hands of the assembled ministers.

At the Manchester meeting the Rev. J. A. Gardiner, of the Grosvenor Square Presbyterian Church, received a very unnecessary whitewashing for the few plain-spoken words which he had previously blurted out at Liverpool; and Mr. Fitzgerald received an equally unnecessary snubbing. At last week's meeting former recriminations and accusations gave way among the clerical body to mutual emollient explanations and apologies. Not so with regard to the unfortunate layman. It appears that Mr. Fitzgerald, following in the wake of the Presbytery at Liverpool, had taken exception to Mr. Gardiner's observations, which he regarded as heterodox. In this we do not agree with Mr. Fitzgerald; but why the Presbytery should go out of their way to rebuke him—with the exception of the Rev. J. B. Johnstone, who "thought the statements were such as very fairly called for notice on the part of members of Grosvenor Square Church"—we are at a loss to understand. It appears that Mr. Fitzgerald wished to have an infant baptized, and, concluding that he was not in accord in matters of faith with his own minister, he brought the matter before the Kirk Session. This body, not being previously committed, very prudently declined to deal with it. All the dogmas and tenets contained in the Confession of Faith, and the longer and shorter catechisms of the Presbyterian Church, and which have to be assented to by parents presenting their children for baptism, would be an awkward business to begin stirring up. Mr. Fitzgerald then

brought the matter before the Presbytery; but notwithstanding their previous sentiments, in which Mr. Fitzgerald only shared, they refused to have anything to do with him.

Mr. McCaw said he "had no sympathy with Popery, but he had just as little sympathy with Mr. Fitzgerald in the complaint he appeared before the Presbytery to make, and less sympathy still with the expression he made use of in the correspondence with the Session." Mr. R. H. Lundie thought "Mr. Fitzgerald must now be convinced that the course he took was far too strong." Mr. A. M. Symington went still further, and said that Mr. Fitzgerald in accepting Mr. Gardiner's explanation was guilty of "impertinence." Even Mr. Lundie could not stand this, and remonstrated with Mr. Symington for the expression. Mr. J. A. Gardiner explained that he "had no sympathy with the false pretensions of the Pope, and that what he meant then and what he meant now was not to advocate the cause of any church outside the church to which he belonged, but to apply the principle of Christian toleration." Mr. Fitzgerald accepted the explanation, and was found fault with for so doing. Explanations were made and accepted "in a Pickwickian sense;" Mr. Gardiner was absolved from blame, and Mr. Fitzgerald's complaint was withdrawn.

The severe censure passed upon the Revs. A. Rentoul and J. A. Gardiner at Liverpool for the utterance of a few words not usually heard at meetings of Presbytery, and afterwards the supercilious treatment which Mr. Fitzgerald received at their hands, when he simply participated in their own views, which would not bear public criticism, prove to us that much of the priestly Roman Catholic system which they stigmatize is rife within their own body. Shakespere tells us that what in the captain's but a choleric word, is in the soldier's mouth flat blasphemy. In the same way, it appears that the opinions uttered by ministers in Presbytery assembled are, if entertained by laymen, highly unjust and censurable. There are infallible popes, it seems, amongst the Presbyterians, and even in our day John Milton's words are true—

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

CROWS AT MANCHESTER.

SUCH is the heading of a communication to *The Field* by a gentleman of this city. The editor of that journal says, "in all probability they were rooks." No doubt of it. Certainly they were not crows. The writer says "they flew over this part (part not stated) in very large flocks. They evidently have come from afar, as they were flying very low, and appeared tired. They have all made for the north-west, and what seems more strange is, they have all flown over about the same time, viz., from half-past four to half-past five p.m." The fact of there being large numbers together proves they were not crows. Crows never go in flocks. Beside the crow is a shy bird, eschews the genus homo, and consequently is seldom or never seen in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

Having been an observer of the habits of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field for about half a century we are in a position to speak of their wonderful instincts, and can say that none are more interesting than those of the rook. That they flew low is no proof that they came from afar, or were tired. The altitude of their flight is ruled entirely by atmospherical conditions. The fact of these flocks on each observation going in the same direction at the hour named is another proof that they were rooks, and so far from being "strange," it occurs every day. The only strangeness to be noted is, that they were flying over Manchester at at all, supposing, of course, that it were so, for they generally give a wide berth to turmoil and smoke, and have a particular aversion to even a bird's-eye view of fiery furnaces. We are writing at this moment within the boundary of the city—surrounded by green fields nevertheless—and a large flock of rooks is feeding within two hundred yards of us. A goodly sized meadow adjoining our garden is infested with wire worm, and seldom a day passes but our "sedate and clerical looking" friends, as Leigh Hunt calls them, are "wiring" into them. Ere the sun has sunk below the horizon the captain of the company in our field will give notice that, for this day, the feast must close, and in another minute, having settled their bills, they almost simultaneously rise into the air, and steer (not without caws, says a wag at our elbow) for the north-west or whatever direction their meeting place may be in. The paternal home of *our* visitors is on Crumpsall Hill, but they do not sleep there except during breeding time. There is one general roosting place for a number of rookeries. To this place, for about eight months in the year, the tenants of these rookeries repair to sleep, never failing to visit once every day of their lives the trees in which they first saw the light. Their feeding grounds lie, sometimes extending for miles, all around their respective rookeries, and some of these are daily visited by the rooks in companies more or less numerous. Sometimes, indeed, a sly old customer, bearing in mind a lot of wire-worm, or a colony of slugs that he had reluctantly left the evening before, will detach himself from his mates, and wend his way straight to it on the quiet, or perchance he may invite a friend, or even two, to dine with him. No matter how select the company dining out may be, however, no member of it ever gets into a wont-go-home-till-morning condition, but manages to slip into the family circle before bed-time.

Their first work in the early spring is to repair their old nests, or build new ones, in or near their native trees. Whilst the work is going on they still go to the general dormitory at night. It is only when nidification is completed that they take up their summer nocturnal quarters. Every member of the community does this on the same night. A friend, who has resided many years close to a rookery, informs us that he can always tell when the birds intend stopping for the first night of the season, by a peculiar and increased chattering there is amongst them when they come in from feeding. He also relates a wonderful instance of the instinctive knowledge of their young. Standing on the roof of the hall in Ashtead Park to observe their habits, he has noticed upon the approach of a parent rook with food in its mouth that the young, in a certain nest, will stretch out their necks, cawing and gaping to receive it, and invariably the old one goes to that nest with the food, thus showing unmistakably that although all rooks are too much to be distinguished by the human eye their own young can recognize them, even at a distance.

The author of the letter in *The Field* doubtless thought, like many other persons, that crows and rooks were the same birds, but they are alike in little else than colour. Calling things by other than their proper names sometimes leads to ludicrous mistakes. A friend of ours was the victim of one a year or two ago. He was talking with a friend in an hotel here about buzzards, a paragraph in a newspaper having appeared about the time stating that two had been killed in the east of England. A stranger present, who had heard part of the conversation, politely volunteered the information that a very large one had been captured the week previous by a neighbour of his on Chat Moss, and that it was still in the captor's possession. Securing the address, our friend went the next day to feast his eyes on the *rara avis*, when, lo! to his great vexation, instead of a feathered biped of twenty pounds or so, he was shown a tolerably large beetle.

In less than another month the nightingale will have arrived in England and made known its presence by its beautiful song. Soon afterwards we shall most likely be told that one is nightly to be heard somewhere near this city. This report may be set down as an annual "plant." The scene is generally laid suspiciously near to a "public." We have never missed visiting a locality where the nightingale's notes have been said to have been heard hereabouts for thirty years, and in that length of time only one has turned out to be the genuine article. This bird took up its quarters in a small wood near to the London and North-Western Railway, a little north of Wilmslow. We are confident that this is the only instance where the bird has been heard within at least a dozen miles of Manchester. We have seen hundreds of persons at these gatherings, and in some cases many of them have patiently listened until after midnight. With the exception named, the nocturnal songster, when one has been heard, has been the sedge warbler, which derives its name from its habit of living and breeding amongst the sedges in stagnant pools and on their banks. These birds, when the nights are light and warm in May and June, will keep up their twittering song till near to daylight in the morning, and we have known some persons go away delighted with it, refusing to believe they had not heard the nightingale. A South Saxon, however, cannot be deceived in this matter, and will only accept the notes from these banks for what they are worth.

But we are digressing. Our love of the subject has led us to write a gossiping article about birds. We will therefore conclude by reaffirming that there are no "crows at Manchester."

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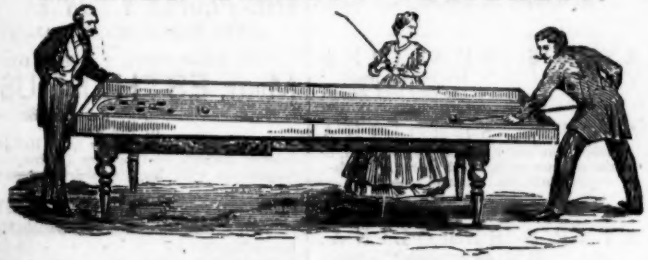

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FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

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WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 112, Euston-street, near Hampstead-road, London. N.B.—Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this valuable remedy.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun.,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

If, therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.

SPECIALITIES.

Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
Dinner Wine, guaranteed a pure Sherry ..30s. per doz.
Irish and Scotch Whiskies.....18s. and 21s. per gal.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,

Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.

26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

HEAD OFFICES: 95, BRIDGE ST., MANCHESTER.

Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.

Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.

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Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb. parcels carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

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BAND

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.

Admission, Sixpence each.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Good Spirits.—Every one has frequently experienced sudden personal changes from gaiety to gloom. The wind and weather oft receive the blame when a faulty digestion is the sole cause of the depression. Holloway's Pills can be honestly recommended for regulating a disordered stomach and thereby improving digestion. They entirely remove the sense of fulness and oppression after eating. They clear the furred tongue and act as a wholesome stimulant to the liver, and as a gentle aperient to the bowels. They healthfully rouse both body and mind. Holloway's Pills are the best known antidotes for want of appetite, nausea, flatulency, heartburn, languor, depression, and that painful apathy which is so characteristic of chronic derangement of the digestion.

CORNELIUS SHEERS, 84, CHUDLEIGH.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF MR. CHAMBERS,

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1871,

On which occasion will be produced (first time in Manchester) the great Drama of intense interest

NELL!

ADAPTED FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Nell—Miss CANDELIN. (Her first appearance.)
Quilp — Mr. S. EMERY. (His original character.)
Dick Swiveller — Mr. G. F. ROWE.

The Scenery by Mr. Dayes and Mr. R. Caney, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, including

A Picturesque View of the Old Curiosity Shop,
AND QUILP'S WHARF ON THE THAMES.
With Apotheosis of Little Nell.

Private Boxes from 21s.; Lower Circle Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Chairs, 3s.; Upper Circles, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Galleries, 6d. Tickets and Places may be obtained at the Box Office.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors - - - Prince's Theatre Company.
Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespere's

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TIMON .. .. .. MR. CHARLES CALVERT.

Commencing on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, at Seven o'clock, for the LAST TWO NIGHTS, with the SEVEN TABLEAUX OF WAR AND PEACE.

ODE TO PEACE BY MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

RITIA SANGALLI,
IN TWO BALLETS, EVERY EVENING.

MR. ED. DE JONG'S SECOND GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,

at the FREE-TRADE HALL, on SATURDAY NEXT, March 18th. By kind permission of Colonel Robertson and the Officers, the Fine

BAND OF THE 8TH (THE KING'S) REGIMENT will perform several pieces in conjunction with Mr. De. Jong's Orchestra, forming together

A BAND OF UPWARDS OF 80 PERFORMERS.

VOCALIST .. .. .. Mdlle. PATTIE LAVERNE.
SOLO FLUTE AND CONDUCTOR .. MR. ED. DE JONG.

Doors open at Seven; commence at half past.

Admission, 1s.; Gallery, 2s. Private Boxes, £1. 1s. and £1. 11s. 6d. can be secured of COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, CROSS STREET. Gallery and promenade Tickets can be had at all the Music Shops.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, and LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY. — LINCOLN SPRING RACES.—On MONDAY, 20th, and TUESDAY, 21st March,

CHEAP TICKETS TO LINCOLN

Will be Issued as under :—

From	Times of Starting a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Fares to Lincoln & bk, am. dy. only 1 Cl.	2. Cl.	3 Cl.
Manchester (London Road Station)	6 45	9 0	10 0*	18 6	13 0	7 0½
Oldham (Clegg St. Station)	5 53	9 2	9 40*	18 4	12 11½	7 2
Stalybridge	5 55	8 50	9 55*	17 11	12 6	6 11
Ashton (Park Prde.)	5 59	8 54	9 59*	17 7	12 6	6 9½
Guide Bridge	6 55	9 13	10 10*	17 5	12 3	6 8½
Stockport (Tiviot Dale)	6 45	8 50	9 40*	17 3	12 6	7 1
Glossop	6 25	9 25	..	16 0	11 2	6 1

Returning from Lincoln (G. N.) each day at 6-0 p.m.
*Third Class Tickets will not be issued by this Train.

London-road Station, Manchester, March, 1871.

R. G. UNDERDOWN.
General Manager.

WHELPTON'S

VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

WAR VICTIMS' FUND, for the Relief of the Non-combatant Sufferers in the Districts Devastated by the War, distributed by unpaid Commissioners of the Society of Friends.

Subscriptions may be paid at the King Street Branch of the District Bank, or to

JOHN RODGSON, 51, Piccadilly,
WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Eccles New Road,
Secretaries to the Local Committee.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over al others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
no fa Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
milly Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
with Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
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MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
OLINA. is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEXANDRA HALL, MANCHESTER.

Sole Lessee - - - - - W. S. BOOTH

MONDAY, MARCH 20TH.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

SPECIAL PRODUCTION

(In honour of the Marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne).

ON MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1871,

And following Evenings, a Grand National Spectacular

BALLET!

Arranged expressly for the above Establishment by Mr. G. H. FRENCH, entitled the

MAIDEN ALL FOR-LORN(E)

Or, Love's Alliance.

New and Magnificent Scenery .....by Mr. T. Chinn
Ingenious Mechanical Effects.....by Mr J. Storey
New Electric Prismatic Lights ..... by Mr Wheeler
Splendid Dresses .....by Mrs Storey and Assistants
Music Selected and Arranged from Scottish Melodies by Mr T. Richards.

N.B.—Special Engagement for the above Ballet of

Mdlle. CARLOTTA VERTE,

Premier Danseuse, from the Covent Garden Theatre, London, who will be supported by the whole strength of the Company.

CRAVEN & CONWAY, the Droll Ethiopians; **JOE COLVERD,** the London Comique; **J. G. FORD,** Celebrated Vocalist; **Miss KATE BELLA,** the fascinating Serio Comique.

GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE, on Tuesday, 21st March (the Royal Marriage Day), at Two o'clock.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,

LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

ON MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1871,

MDLLE. ESTHER AUSTIN

THE CHAMPION DANSEUSE CHARACTERISTIQUE OF THE WORLD,

From La Gaite, Paris; Drury Lane, Holborn Amphitheatre, Astley's, and Lyceum Theatres, London, in conjunction with her Graceful, Accomplished, and Unrivalled

PARISIAN BALLET, QUADRILLE, AND PANTOMIME TROUPE!!

Two Grand Characteristic Ballets Nightly.

Esther Austin - - - - - - - As Harlequin
Esther Austin - - - - - - - - As Clown
Esther Austin - - - - - - - - As Chinaman
Esther Austin - - - - - - - - As Le Beau.

ELLENIA SPINOLA as Columbine.

Chinese Boys, Harlequins, and Harlequinas, by Mdlle. Julia Austin, A. Angelley, E. Blanche, Clara Fisher, Rosina Rippington, and Marion Gilberte.

The famous Grande Duchesse

PARISIAN BALLET QUADRILLE,

Performed by Mdlle. AUSTIN upwards of Two Thousand Times, and twice before their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES. Pronounced by the authorities of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Southampton, Glasgow, Dublin, and London to be performed entirely free from all censurable features.

First Appearance of Messrs.

HARVEY AND CONNOLLEY,

Star Duettists, Vocalists, and Dancers.

First Appearance of

MISS KATE GARSTONE,

The celebrated Serio-Comic Vocalist.

First Appearance of

Mr. C. ALDRIDGE and Miss ANNIE CHATTER

In their Negro Entertainments.

LAST WEEK OF THE ELBIN TROUPE!

The most Wonderful and Graceful Acrobats of the Day.

Last Week of Mr. C. CLEMENTS, Comic Vocalist.

Director of the Entertainments..Mr. THOMAS ARNOLD.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1871.

Band from three o'clock. Admission, 6d. each.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Pendleshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester—Saturday, March 18th, 1871.